Weekly Indiana American,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
C. M. BINGHAM, Proprietor.

Office in the National Bank Building,
(third story.)

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
$2,50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
$3,00 " " IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.
No postage on papers delivered within this County.

The Indiana American.

"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."

VOL. 6, NO. 34.] BROOKVILLE, IND., FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1867. [WHOLE NO. 294.

COUSIN BOB'S WHISKERS.

These are some people in this world with whom the art of contradiction really assumes the dignity of a science; it is so perfectly understood and so constantly carried out that I can only imagine it to be the result of deep thought and reflection. A little obstinacy now, once in a while, is only a sort af commendable self-respect; but why people *will* insist upon having their own way about a thing for no other purpose than because it *is* their own way, when it is a self-evident fact that some one else's way is decidedly preferable, is a meta-physical problem which it would require wiser heads than mine to solve. Such people always remind me of a certain river, which took an odd, unreasonable sort of a bend, and which the benign government deemed it best to straighten. A smooth and commodious channel was prepared forthwith, and every means taken to induce this unruly stream to proceed in the way of the righteous. All in vain: the disloyal waters refused any such accomodations, and persisted in fretting and fuming along in their own rough way beneath the cliffs, where a rebellious little city sat defiantly perched, tormenting their unhappy waves with the shot and shell of a terrible conflict.

And yet I think it would be decidedly easier to manage the Mississippi than to essay managing a head strong girl; and of all headstrong girls Nettie Lee is the—well, superlatives fail to express her willfulness.—It *was* provoking. Everybody had considered it a settled thing for a long time—every since they were children in fact, Robert and she had been "cut out" for each other, and for the last year or two they were thought to be as good as engaged; and now, when the poor fellow returned from college, with all sorts of honors and capital letters to his name, she was just barely civil, and nothing more. Everybody else was crazy with delight at his arrival. Auntie had talked of nothing else but this for weeks; uncle gave a grand supper in honor of the successful graduate; half of the girls were desperately in love before he had been home three days; and Nettie—willful Nettie, for whom alone he had eyes or ears—was in the depths of a flirtation with that detestable Tom Ellis, whose great red whiskers might serve as torches for Charon himself.

"How can you treat Bob so unkindly, Nettie?" I asked one night, when we were alone in our room. "I *know* you like him."

"Of course I like him," was her demure reply; "I have a great cousinly regard for him; and he has always been very kind to me, why shouldn't I like him?"

"Then why do you treat him so badly? Why do you flirt with that odious red-whiskered Ellis, when you see it makes Bob so furious that he told me this evening he could scarcely refrain from kicking him out?"

"Which would have been a very gentlemanly way of treating his father's guest, I am sure," said Nettie ironically. "Come, Fan, we're very good friends; but don't undertake to fight Bob's battle's for him—he has plenty to do that already. As for Mr. Ellis, if I choose to fancy his society, Robert has no right to complain, much less to insult him about my inclination. So there, Fan, don't trouble your poor little head about the matter. Cousin Bob and I have too many friends interested in our welfare already—more than we require, I assure you."

This was all the satisfaction that could be got from Nettie; and although she more than once intimated that it was none of my business, I couldn't help interceeding now and then, for poor Bob, who looked so lackadaisical and miserable that every one felt sorry for him.

"It is only out of contradiction, Robert," I said conscilingly, one evening, as Nettie departed for a ride with Mr. Ellis. "I am sure she cannot like that horrid—m a"

"Do you really think him bad looking, Fannie?" asked Bob, much relieved. "He has such a splended pair of whiskers?"

"Splended!" I exclaimed. "Splendid! I think them frightful."

"Almost every one admires them," said Bob, with a sigh. "I heard Nettie say, the other day, she hated to see a man with a girl's face," he continued, rubbing his own smooth chin.

"She knew you were listening, Bob, and said it to tease you. I think she heard something about your admiration for Miss. Billings, and is having her revenge.

Miss Euphemia Billings was one of Bob's college flames and a young lady of somewhat literary turn—a great admirer of Tennyson and Browning, whose works Bob still possessed, as she had returned them to him, with her comments inscribed in a very delicate hand on the margin. For my part, although I have always been rather ashamed to acknowledge it, I never could appreciate the fashionable style of poetry. I suppose, as Miss Lucinda says; it is because my mind is uncultivated; but the ideas always seem so misty and mysterious, and the world so very wrong-side out, that I find the whole affair it generally quite beyond my comprehension.

But Miss Billings was intellectual. Her mind was a perfect hot-bed of cultivation, where all sorts of knowledge flourished in a surprising degree. Bob's edition of the "English Poets" was inscribed with her dainty little comments: "How touching!" "Too true!" "sweetly tender!" making it in my optnion, quite invaluable as a book of interpretation. Of course such an etherial, poetical creature could never be guilty of anything so mundane as a flirtation; still young Mr. Jameson had always been one of her most valued friends, and he was even suspected of being the subject of one of her odes, commencing, "My friend, when other ties are thine!" which I think was sufficient to excuse Nettie's conduct in a measure.

However, the memory of poor Miss Billings had vanished, as she herself would have said, "Like night before the dawn," and the sunny, roguish sparkling witch of a Nettie had him bound heart and soul to her chariot of triumph, and seemed utterly unconscious or indifferent to the torture she was inflicting.

"She'll drive me to desperation yet, Fannie. I can't say what will be the result if that red-whiskered fellow hangs around here much longer."

"Then why don't you retaliate, you foolish fellow? Go flirt with Dora Dudley, or some other girl, and make believe you don't care."

"I can't" said Robbert, ruefully—"I haven't the heart. I'll call that Ellis out yet! Look at them now," he continued, with a despairing glance at Nettie; "she's going to sing for him his favorite air, 'Love's Chidings,' confound him! I asked her to sing MY song the other evening—I meant that little air that she used to sing so divinely last summer, and will you believe it, Fan, she sat down to the piano and commenced 'Robbin Bound,' and of course all the girls commenced to titter."

Of course I believed it, for Nettie was dreadful enough for anything;—and when her uncle and aunt went to town for a few days, leaving her mistress of the house she became, if possible, more tormenting than ever. But the crisis came at last. One evening when Nettie was entertaining several of her friends—Mr. Ellis among the number—in her own bright way, and acting towards Bob with the most faultless politeness, a messenger called him to the door, and we saw him no more that evening. Subsequently I heard the poor fellow walking upstairs in his study, and felt that he was struggling with the "green-eyed monster" that had such complete possession of him. I looked reproachfully at Nettie. She appeared serenely unconscious, and I wondered mentally what sort of a conscience she had.

The next morning at breakfast Bob was invisible, and Nettie, as mistress of the house, sent Lucy, auntie's English maid, to call him. Lucy returned looking quite alarmed.

Please, miss, I knocked as hard as I could, and Mr. Robert didn't answer; he only groaned."

"Groaned!" I exclaimed in horror. "Oh Nettie!"

"Nonsense!" replied the imperturable young lady. "It was probably a snore you heard, Lucy. Go call him again and say that breakfast is getting cold."

"Please, miss, I'm afraid he's hill. He groans most dreadful."

"Nonsense," returned Nettie; go do as I tell you. Fannie, don't be such a little goose; you look frightened to death."

"Oh, Nettie! how can you be so cool about it? He has threatened to do something desperate for a long time. Who knows but he has taken strychnine, charcoal or something of the sort? He was perfectly furious last night. I heard him walking his study like a madman."

"Upon my word, Fannie Fairie," Nettie replied. "I gave you credit for more sense. Bob has overslept himself, and you turn it into a tragedy or suicide. Well, Lucy, did you call him again?"

"I did, Miss, he said something or other I didn't exactly understand. It sounded very much like swearin,' Miss."

"He's in a good frame of mind, for a journey to the other world. Come, Fan, let's have breakfast without my lord this morning. He will come down when he is ready probably."

But Nettie, in spite of her bravery, had no appetite, and I was thoroughly alarmed although I kept as quite as possible.

"I am going to call Robert again Nettie," I said, after breakfast "I am afraid there is more than you think the matter with him.

"As you please," she replied, assuming an air of utter indifference, though she had become, I saw plainly, quite nervous and fidgety. "You may suggest that no breakfast will be procurable after ten. That may be a powerful inducement with our slumberous prince."

I ascended to Bob's room andcommenced a vigorous tattoo on the door panel. No answer. I called repeatedly, but all was silent. "Are you sick, Cousin Robert? For Heaven sake what is the matter?" Not a sound answered my excited appeal.

Terrified beyond measure, and trembling with all sorts of dreadful apprehensions, I returned to Nettie, determined to vent my feelings on her, whose cruel conduct had, I was confident, driven Robert to the committal of some fearful deed. I was nearly struck dumb with amazement at finding that incomprehensible girl, with her head against the window-panes, sobbing like the veriest baby. Nettie Lee in tears, and as subdued as a nun! My resentment vanished like smoke; my arms were around her in an instant, her bright head resting on my shoulder, as I whispered—"Don't, Nettie darling—don't cry so! Perhaps, after all, there is nothing the matter."

"There is! there is! I know there is! Oh, Fannie! Fannie! and to think that I am the cause of it all!" I really thought she was; but I was so astonished at the melting of this icicle, that I hadn't the heart to agree with her. "I never cared—for Tom—Ellis—never!" She sobbed, with her face hid on my shoulder. "I liked Bob better than any one else in the world—always—always; but everybody talked so much about it and seemed to think it all settled, when we were not even formally engaged, that I determined to let them see I was not to be so easily won."

"Nettie! Nettie dearest! do you mean it?" said a sepulchral voice behind us; and we shrieked in concert, for there was Bob standing in his study-door, looking like a wounded soldier—his face all tied up with innumerable handerchiefs, but his great eyes fairly dancing with delight.

"Cousin Bob," I commenced severely, "I should like to know what you mean by such conduct. You have nearly frightened us to death."

"Say it again, Nettie!" said Robert, utterly unconscious of my wrath. "Say just once more that you don't like Tom Ellis and that you do like me just—a little."

"Better than any one in the world you said before, you know, Nett," I added wickedly.

Poor Nettie! She was completely cornered. All her independence and sauciness were gone, and she stood convicted by her own confession, which Robert wicked wretch, had heard distinctly through his study-door, when we thought he was up in his bed-room, killed, wounded or poisoned. Poor little Nett! She bore her defeat like a veteran, and did just the only thing she could do—plead guilty. She put both her hands in Bob's and told him she did like him just a little; and the unconscionable fellow made her say "better than any one else," and the poor little culprit was foolish enough to say that too. Dear me! I wouldn't have believed it of Nettie. And then I thought it time to come in with a little practical common sense. So I requested Mr. Robert to explain his conduct.

"What is the matter with your face?" said I. "I suppose it looks glorified to Nett, but to me it looks very much fly-blistered. What did you groan and swear for this morning, when poor Lucy went to call you to breakfast?—and when I almost knocked my knuckles out on your door, why didn't you vouchsafe an answer?"

"What is the matter with your face, Robert?" said Nett, just awakening to the fact that it looked like a rare beefsteak.

"So it is! said Bob, looking very foolish, "it's enough to make a fellow swear."

"Confound it," I added, consolingly, "but what did it? You look as if an inexperienced Indian had essayed to scalp you and commenced by way of variety at the chin. But what did it?"

"Don't laugh at me, Nettie," Bob pleaded, regardless of my effort at wit "it was all for your sake."

"I told you so, Nett," I exclaimed *sotto voce*. "He's been trying suicide *a la Camanche*."

"You made so much fun of my smooth face, you know." Nettie looked very contrite and conscience stricken—"and said that you hated girlish-looking men, and I—" "I didn't mean it though," said Nett, penitently.

"Didn't you?" said Bob, delighted; "but I thought you did, and some swindling rascal—I'd just like to get hold of him!" he went on, ferociously—"advertised a receipt for making whiskers grow in a few weeks, and——"

"Ha! ha! ha! Please excuse me, Robert but indeed, I can't help it—Nett, Nett, it is the richest thing I've heard yet! And you expected to out-rival Tom Ellis, did you, Bob?"

"Don't laugh at the poor fellow," said Nettie, bitting her lips to repress her laughter. "It must hurt dreadfully, Robert."

"It does," said Bob ruefully "smarts like the old mischief. But I didn't care so much for that. I was so mad and I knew you'd laugh so, that I wouldn't answer Lucy this morning. and when Fannie knocked at the door I was down here; and then—and then you talked right by the door, and I couldn't help hearing, you know——" and Bob blushed, the dear old fellow, almost as furiously as Nettie did.

That night, when Uncle and Aunt Jameson came home, Bob, despite his blistered face, looking very handsome and happy, presented his little betrothed and took all uncle's teasing very good-naturedly.

He has quite a flourishing crop of whiskers now, and he calls them the trophies of his victory over Tom Ellis and wilful little Nett.

Alderney Cows.

The Alderneys are noted for the exceeding richness of their milk. It is not only fat, but has a marrowy richness, which is hard to describe. The introduction of pure males of this breed would, in my humble opinion, be a great acquisition to our section of the State. They do not carry beef—are rather small and ill-favored, and not attractive to the eye, except to a dairyman acquainted with their worth. The cow to which was awarded the first prize at the Illinois State Fair in 1866, *quality* and *quantity* of butter being the standard, the product of a given time, was a three-fourth "Alderney." I am acquainted with her owner. She made two pounds of butter per day, besides furnishing milk, rather cream, (you would call her milk cream,) for a family of five adults and seven children. Southern Wisconsin has some of this breed, which were on exhibition at the State Fair, in Janesville in 1865.—*C. W. Martfeldt, at Dairymen's Convention, Rockford, Illinois.*

Somebody gives the following as the proper reading of marriage services now-a-days:

Clergyman—'Will you take this brown stone, this carriage and span, these diamonds for thy wedded husband.'

'Yes.'

'Will you take this unpaid milliners' bill, this high waterfall of foreign hair, these affectation ornaments and feeble constitution, for thy wedded wife?

'Yes.'

'Then, what man hath joined together let the next best man run away with, so that the first divorce court may tear them assunder.

While trudging along one day all alone a soldier met a Methodist circuit rider, and at once recognized him as such, but effected ignorance of it.

Preacher—"What command do you belong to?"

Soldier—"I belong to the—the Texas regiment, Van Dorn's army. What army do you belong to?'

P—(very solemn)—"I belong to the army of the Lord."

S—"My friend, you've got a long way from headquarters."

The bears are reported troublesome in some Parishes of Louisiana. They are after the green corn.

For the American.

The Ministering Angels.

TUNE—"WHITE ROBES."

BY REV. W. W. HIBBEN.

Who are these arrayed in white,
Flying from the azure sky,
Mingling, in their angel flight,
With the ransomed hosts so high?

CHORUS—"In white robes, clean robes,
White robes are waiting for me;
Yes, white robes, clean robes,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

These are they who dwell in light,
Reigning near the Courts of God,
Clothed in love and truth and might,
Guarding saints to their abode.

They have come on mercy's wings
Swifter than the rolling spheres;
Sent by Him, the King of Kings,
Who the softest whisper hears.

They draw near each heart of love,
Singing with celestial power,
Passing by no mean abode,
Helping all their cross to bear.

See them now around us fly,
Swifter than the wings of death,
To the rooms of those who die,
Cheering, as they yield their breath.

What angels are, then we should be,
For soon we may their honors share;
The loved and lost we then shall see,
As they among the angels are.

For the American.

Salvation, salvation for every nation,
Let the pure gospel through Jesus declare;
It was long since decided and,the means provided
To spread the glad tidings to nations afar.

For Christ came from glory, and proclaimed the glad story,
That all may be saved who believe on his name;
He came as a stranger, was born in a manger,
Though all the whole world was his own when he came.

Some shepherds were keeping their flocks without sleeping,
Out on the plains of Bethlehem;
Some Angels were sent, to the shepherds they went,
Proclaiming good news and glad tidings to them.

To the shepherds they said, oh be not afraid,
For a message of mercy I bring unto you;
For the promise foretold by the prophets of old,
Is this day fulfilled, and the promise is true.

The Father and Son are united in one,
And the way of salvatian made easy and plain;
Provision is made, and the ransom is paid,
And all those who seek may salvation obtain.

The image in which man was first made,
Was all lost in Eden when he disobeyed;
But through provisions of grace for all our race,
That image once lost may now be regained.

Oh, mysterious plan for the salvation of man,
To unite the divine with the nature of man;
But since Father and Son are united in one,
All who come to the Father must come by the Son.

And the gospel proclaim in the Saviour's great name,
That the way is now open for a union again;
And the gospel invites all men to unite
Themselves to the Son, and this union obtain.

Oh let these glad tidings continue to roll,
From center to circle and from pole unto pole;
May all those that hear, believe and obey,
And a nation be born to the church in a day.

Then cease to do evil and learn to do well,
And the old wary devil, look him up in his cell;
Then peace once established may forever remain,
And the land ne'er be cursed by rebellion again.

RICHARD CLEMENTS.

Brookville, July 4, 1867.

A Rad. to a Reb., Greeting.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 18, 1867.

Raphael Semmes, Editor Memphis Bulletin, Pirate, Traitor, etc.

SIR: Some one has sent me a copy of your paper, in which you devote nearly a whole column to my late speech at Lexington, Kentucky. You think me "incendiary, wicked, bad, and a party man on the Fourth of July." What right have you, a vile wretch, living by the grace of God and the mercy of a too humane government, to take loyal men to task for what he may see fit to say? Have you so soon forgotten your crimes, or are you insane enough to believe that they are forgotten among men, and that treason after all, is not to be punished? For the sake of your soul I beg you not to forget the past, nor to be unmindful of the future, for the day is coming when you and Forest will both be called to a just account for your misdeeds. Pirates and butchers of innocent men cannot long live in America unhung. Be constantly prepared for you know not the day nor the hour wherein the righteous Judge will come to do justice. Being a Christian man, when your trouble is great and deep tribulation is upon you, send for me, and I will come and do all I can to prepare you for your end; although I tell you frankly, I believe no earthly intercession can save you from the hottest hell in damnation. You fear "such men" as I am will "rise to power" on the shoulders of the blacks. When you recollect your awful guilt, and that by the law of nations you are an outlaw, well may your coward conscience make you fear such an event. You assail the poor blacks, and charge them with the committing of "murder, arson, riot, and robbery." All good men know the blacks have behaved wonderfully well since they were set free, and your charges are unjust as they are false. You say such men as I instigate them to do lawless acts. You, a pirate and a traitor, are a pretty fellow to talk about instigators of lawless acts. The devil rebuking sin would be a mild comparison. I have always advised the negroes to be law-abiding, quiet, sober, industrious, and peaceful, and shall continue to do so. They have no occasion to take the law into their own hands, and when they do, I shall as much condemn them as I do you. We who are their friends, by the help of God and a Radical Congress, will, in good time, in a legal way, properly punish you and all their enemies, and the enemies of the Republic, and in the meantime the negroes will be quiet, orderly, and industrious citizens.

Yours truly, JAMES S. BRISBIN,
United States Army.

A TALK WITH A. H. STEPHENS.

His Political Opinions—Reminiscences of the Rebellion.

A correspondent of the N. Y Times recently visited A. H. Stephens at his residence in Crawfordsville, Ga., a small decayed village, where the ex-Vice President of the Confederacy lives in a modest wooden house. He describes Mr. Stephens as follows:

Imagine to yourself a figure slight and fragile, nearly six feet high, but with the student's stoop in the shoulders, and a pale, wan, care worn, wrinkled face, on which no sign of beard appears. There is in his whole person a certain unearthliness that moves one partly with awe and partly with pity; awe at what seems almost a disembodied spirit, and pity when you see that it is humanity after all, and suffering humanity, too. I have frequently seen Stephens' face described as the face of a boy—to me it is rather the face of a woman, of a mother who has borne many sufferings, who has met these sufferings with gentle resignation, and whose resignation heaven has rewarded by that inward peace which illumines the countenance with an evanescent light from beyond the tomb.

Mr. Stephens weighs only ninety-four pounds. Though not rich, he is very benevolent and much liked by his neighbors. The conversation developed the fact that Mr. S. regards secession as a prodigious political blunder, though he believes in the right of secession. The following quotations from his remarks as reproduced by the correspondent, will show his opinions on other points connected with the rebellion:

HOW A RAIN STORM TOOK GEORGIA OUT OF THE UNION.

Mr. Stephens had wanted a Convention of the people to be held about the 15th of December. He knew that Georgia would not secede, and he was also sure that South Carolina, which had not yet seceded, would not, hot though she was, go out alone. But he could not effect this purpose. The election for delegates was ordered for the 1st of January, which was after South Carolina had taken the leap. "Well," he went on to say, "on the 1st of January there was a rain storm more violent than the oldest inhabitant remembered—not since the flood in the Yazoo had there been such a storm. The result was that the country people could not get out to vote, and this gave a preponderating influence in the election of delegates to the towns and villages, where, you know, political epidemics are always stronger than elsewhere. We lost at least twenty Union members by this. Even Rome, up in the Cherokee country, where the Union sentiment was vastly in the ascendant, sent a secession delegate. I went over myself to the Court House yonder to vote, and the room was filled with dripping people, with wet saddles in their hands, who had come through the flood and mire with immense difficulty. I made them a little speech there, and I said then that I feared the rain would lose us the election. And so indeed it did."

JEFF. DAVIS NOT A SECESSIONIST.

Much to his surprise, Mr. Stephens was selected as one of the delegates from the State of Georgia to Montgomery. He hesitated two days, and finally consented to go only from a dictate of duty to aid in saving what could be saved of constitutional liberty in the pending general disruption which seemed to be determined on by one side, and not seriously objected to on the other. He took an active part in the formation of the Constitution for the Provisional Government. The day before the adjournment of the Convention the different delegations had meetings at their rooms to consult in regard to the important question of a choice of Executive. Stephens was present with the Georgia delegation. It was there stated that South Carolina did not wish to bring forward any name, and thought Georgia should have it. Mr. Stephens' personal choice was Toombs, whom he regarded as the most powerful intellect of the South.

There was, however, some mention made of Stephens himself for the office; but he then stated that he "wished to be counted out—that even should he be chosen unanimously, he would not accept, unless he saw that he could form a cabinet that would agree upon the line of policy on which he thought the war should be conducted." Hitherto the name of Davis had hardly been mooted; but at this point some member came in and said he understood that four States had agreed to present Mr. Davis. This was something new, for Davis' aspiration had been to be at the head of the army, rather than in the Presidential chair. It was proposed to send out and ascertain if the report were true. The case was found to be as stated. The delegation then said they would wish Mr. Stephens for the second office, and to this he (being absent from the hall) was unanimously elected. "The office," he observed, "was not unpleasing to me; it was free from responsibility, and I thought might afford me the means of doing good.

In speaking of Davis he remarked that there was great popular misapprehensions in regard to his character. "He was," said he, "not at all what people suppose—not at all a fire-eater; and though he was of course a State Rights man, he could hardly be called a secessionist."

"Then he does not deserve to be counted with the conspirators—with the Cobbs and Yanceys and Wigfalls?"

"Certainly not. He was opposed to secession, but did not have the courage to come out against it. His course was simply the result of timidity, of the desire to keep the inside track and step into the shoes of Calhoun."

Then among other points Mr. Stephens mentioned that Davis was very averse to having Fort Sumter fired on, and only yielded after it was known that a fleet with re-enforcements and supplies was off the harbor. "That, we regarded, after the promises made, as the beginning of hostilities, and held, therefore, that it was not we that commenced the war."

It was universally thought that the war would be a brief holliday affair. "Most of the prominent politicians, when we got through the work of the Convention, hastened to enter the army, fearing that if they did not get in quick they would lose the opportunity of making some capital for the future!"

"Mr. Davis," he went on to say, "observed to me soon after we got established at Montgomery, that 'it would now be a question of brains who should win,' and the remark was so just that I thought there must be a great deal where that came from. But there was manifested from the start a wonderful lack of statesmanship, and even of mere ordinary good sense."

FATE OF A PEACE MISSIONARY.

In connection with the peace question and the reluctance of the Richmond authorities to give any countenance to efforts looking in that direction, Mr. Stephens told me a strange story, which I believe has never been published, of the fate of an unfortunate peace emissary from the North. It appears that in the spring of 1864 a person named Caball, from one of the Western States, was taken prisoner at the battle of Olustee or Island Pond, in Florida, whither he had gone for the purpose of being taken prisoner and thus gaining admittance within the Confederate lines. On his capture Caball was taken to Andersonville, from which place he wrote a letter to Stephens, who was then at his home here, setting forth that the writer had come, after consultation with the leading peace men in the West and in Washington, with the view of opening negotiations for a cessation of the war, and that he desired to be allowed to visit Mr. Stephens. "I got this letter in April, and immediately wrote to Richmond, asked that he should be permitted to come up and see me. In reply, I received word that an officer would be sent to ascertain what Caball had to say. But this was never done, and in June I received another letter from Caball, stating that he was dying, and begging intercession on his behalf. I sent an indignant protest to Richmond, but heard nothing further of the matter till July, when I got word from the commandant of the post at Andersonville that Caball was dead!"

SLAVES AND FREEDMEN.

Mr. Stephens freely admits that negro suffrage is a necessary result of freedom. "To take them from under the protection of their masters and leave them without the protection of law would be most unjust." "But will the system work?" "I sincerely hope so; and if it does I shall believe the long expected millennium has arrived." Thereupon, he got down De Tocqueville from the library, read the views of that distinguished political philosopher touching the fate of the negro on this continent, and agreed with him that the blacks were destined to go down before the Saxon race. After this he diverged to a disquisition on slavery, which had always been grossly misunderstood, and which he regarded as a misnomer for the Southern institution. "Our system," he remarked, "was not at all of the character of Roman slavery; it was the natural subordination of an inferior race. I should have certainly been an Abolitionist, had I believed in the equality of the black species," and thereanent he entered into a long ethnological disquisition. "It is true our system needed many improvements and ameliorations, and these would have come. For example, the year before the war the Georgia Legislature came within one vote of removing from the negroes the disability in regard to reading. It was only outside interference that retarded the necessary ameliorations, for when there is foreign intermeddling in social changes the friends of reform are always put in the attitude of sympathizers with the enemy.

"Then the 'corner stone' speech, which always seemed to me a gigantic piece of irony, truly expressed your views on slavery?"

"Surely; but that speech too has been misunderstood. I did not regard our system as establishing any new Government; the Government remained exactly as it was under the Constitution, and all that I did was to define the form of our social hierarchy." Then he added: "The world, however, would have given us a bad name; there was a great deal of talk at Montgomery about what name we should give the new Government; but I told them 'you need not trouble yourselves about that—the world will give us just the name you call your enemies; they will call us the Black Republic."

AN EPISODE.

While we were sitting on the porch during the afternoon, the negro member of the Board of Registration came up to see Mr. Stephens. He is a bright fellow, named Ned, who lives in the adjoining county, and is well acquainted with Mr. Stephens. He gave us the statistics of the day's work, in the registration of Taliaferro county, which is going on at the Court House here. The result showed that 460 persons had registered, and that the blacks had a majority of 75.

"Massa Aleck," said Ned, "I was looking to you to come down to the registration, and was waiting to help you up the steps."

"Would you have let me register, Ned?"

"I would have done my best, Massa Aleck."

"Well, Ned," said Mr. Stephens, "I have never voted since I voted against secession." Then to the correspondent: "I never voted during the Confederacy."

Mr. Stephens to-day made all his negroes go and register. "By-and-bye," said he, "they will come and ask me how to vote. What can I tell them but to go with their race?"

White men take care of the Indians, and the Indians take hair of the white men.

Extension of the Homestead Law.—An Important Measure.

Mr. Julian, of Indiana, has reported and had referred to the Reconstruction Committee a bill to extend and apply the the provisions of the act of Congress of June 21st, 1866, providing for homestead actual settlements on the public lands of the South. We regard this as one of the most important measures that has been brought forward during this or any preceding Congress since the beginning of the rebellion, and it has the merit of being singularly practical in its character. We crave attention to its several provisions.

The first section provides that the public lands granted by Congress in 1856 to the States lately in rebellion to aid them in the construction of railroads, which grants have now expired by limitation, are forfeited to the United States, and made subject to homestead settlement under the Act mentioned. Instead of building their roads the rebels waged war against the Government which granted these lands, and have now, therefore, no claim to further indulgence. They have sinned away their day of grace, and what Mr. Julian's bill asks is that the lands granted, amounting to four or five millions of acres, which to-day are tied up in the hands of rebel corporations, shall be opened up to settlement and tillage by the landless poor of the South. This can only be done by an act declaring them forfeited.

The second section provides that the Freedmen's Bureau shall employ a competent Surveyor, who shall retrace the lines of the original survey where they have become obliterated, according to the field notes of such survey, and at the expense of the United States. Under the existing law, as we learn, local surveyors frequently charge each homestead claimant as high as $32,00 for the survey of his tract of 80 acres, and there is no voucher of the accuracy of the survey when made. This is a great hardship, amounting frequently, to a defeat of the settler. Claimants are frequently required, also, to pay $3 00 for school purposes, in addition to the fees prescribed by the Homestead law, and this, also, is prohibited by the section under notice.

The next section provides that all the public lands of Texas, which have not been lawfully disposed of by the State, are forfeited to the United States, by her treason against the same, and made subject in like manner to homestead settlement. This would open up to the settler about one hundred millions of acres of land, and much of it the richest in the country. It would, it is true, be an extensive and wholesale confiscation, but it would not disturb the private property or rights of a single person, and would dedicate the whole of this domain to cultivation and productive wealth. It would therefore be for the greatest benefit of Texas, and at the same time a source of revenue to the General Government, while supplying homes to the multitudes who need them.

The last section provides that all lands hereafter sold for non-payment of Federal Taxes, and under proceedings in Bankruptcy, shall be sold only in tracts of not less than Twenty nor more than Eighty acres. The titles of many of the great estates of the South must hereafter pass under judicial or tax sales, and this provision would powerfully aid in breaking up the great curse of land monopoly in the regions it has so long blighted.

To these sections Mr. Julian proposes to add another, covering the swamp lands of the South, the grant of which was a legislative swindle in the beginning, and which has been fairly forfeited by treason, and non-compliance with the conditions imposed by the grant. These several sections would give the landless millions of the South an aggregate area of over two hundred millions of acres. The half of it, if arable, would give a homestead of Eighty acres each to 1,250,000 heads of families, and homes and shelter to 6,250,000 persons, computing the families at an average of five persons. It would be difficult to frame a legislative proposition more beneficent and far-reaching, or more worthy of the earnest and early action of Congress. The condition of the South to-day pleads for it as a present and pressing necessity. Popular feeling in that section has become excited, if not inflamed, by the hope of confiscation. In some way it must be quieted. The Colored people of the South, especially, are absolutely *hungry for land*, and this feeling is creditable to their sagacity. Confiscation of the fee of rebel lands as a War measure in 1862, would have been practicable, and most advantageous, but the time for it has gone by. All intelligent men now agree to this. But the bill of Mr. Julian, without interfering with private vested rights, would supply homes to all, black and White, who are struggling for them, would promote the most rapid development of the great agricultural resources of the South, and go far to restore permanent peace to that section and to the whole country. We are sorry, therefore, that the Congress, at its July session was not ready to enact this or some kindred measure, in addition to the Act amendatory of the Reconstruction bill.—[Great Republic.

A Dutchman and his wife were traveling; they sat down by the road exceedingly fatigued.

The wife sighed: "I wish I was in Heaven." The husband replied, "I wish I was at a tavern."

"Oh, you old rogue," says she, "you always want to get the best place."

An exchange in speaking of the magical strains of a hand-organ, says: "When he played 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven purps sitting in front of the machine on their haunches brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore paws."

The lack of money is a weight upon the bosom; the possession of it a heaviness in the chest.